

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

The Year of

WONDERS,

M. DC. LXVI.

AN HISTORICAL

POEM:

CONTAINING

The Progress and various Successes of our
Naval War with *Holland*, under the Con-
duct of His Highness Prince RUPERT, and
His Grace the Duke of ALBEMARL.

And describing

THE FIRE
OF
LONDON.

By JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

Multum interest res posse, an homines latius imperare velint.

Trajan. Imperator. ad Plin.

Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos. Virg.

London, Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor in the
Lower Walk of the New-Exchange, M. DC. LXVIII.



IMPRIMATUR.

Roger L'Estrange

Novemb. 22. 1666.





T O
THE METROPOLIS
O F
G R E A T B R I T A I N,
The most Renowned and late Flourishing
CITY of
L O N D O N,

In it's

R E P R E S E N T A T I V E S

*The LORD MAYOR and Court of ALDERMEN, the
SHERIFFS and COMMON CONCIL of it,*

AS perhaps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the Metropolis of any Nation, so is it likewise consonant to Justice, that he who was to give the first Example of such a Dedication should begin it with that City, which has set a pattern to all others of true Loyalty, invincible Courage and un-

Shaken Constancy. Other Cities have been
prais'd for the same Virtues, but I am much
deceiv'd if any have so dearly purchas'd
their reputation ; their fame has been won
them by cheaper trials then an expensive,
though necessary, War, a consuming Pestilence,
and a more consuming Fire. To
submit your selves with that humility to the
Judgements of Heaven, and at the same
time to raise your selves with that vigour
above all humane Enemies ; to be com-
bated at once from above and from below,
to be struck down and to triumph ; I know
not whether such trials have been ever pa-
rallel'd in any Nation, the resolution and
successes of them never can be. Never had
Prince or people more mutual reason to
love each other, if suffering for each other
can in dear affection. You have come to-
gether a pair of matchless Lovers, through
many difficulties ; He, through a long Ex-
ile, various traverses of Fortune, and the
interposition of many Rivals, who vio-
lently ravish'd and with-held you from
Him :

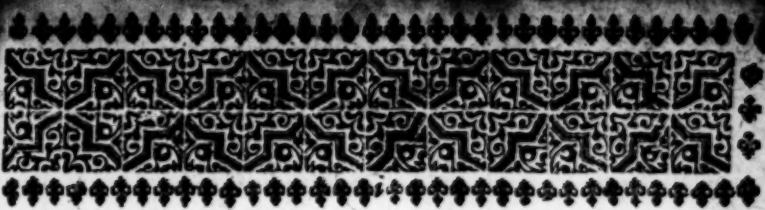
Him: And certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of Trade, that you might appear bountiful to your Countreys necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of Gods displeasure, (frequent examples of them having been in the Reign of the most excellent Princes) then occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and Civil Virtues. To you therefore this Year of Wonders is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You who are to stand a wonder to all Years and Ages, and who have built your selves an immortal Monument on your own ruines. You are now a *Phoenix* in her ashes, and as far as Humanity can approach, a great Emblem of the suffering Deity. But Heaven never made so much Piety and Vertue to leave it miserable. I have heard indeed of some vertuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any vertuous Nation: Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cause becomes so gene-

ral. And I cannot imagine it has resolv'd
the ruine of that people at home, which
it has blessed abroad with such successes.
I am therefore to conclude, that your suf-
ferings are at an end; and that one part of
my Poem has not been more an History
of your destruction, then the other a Pro-
phesy of your restoration. The accom-
plishment of which happiness, as it is the
wish of all true *English-men*, so is by none
more passionately desired then by

*The greatest of your Admirers; and
most humble of your Servants,*

JOHN DRYDEN.

An



AN ACCOUNT

Of the ensuing

POEM,

In a LETTER to the Honourable, Sir
ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I Am so many wayes oblig'd to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can onely live by getting farther into your debt. You have not onely been careful of my Fortune, which was the effect of your Nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my Reputation, which is that of your Kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a Play for me, and now, in stead of an acknowledgement, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a Poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a Martyr, you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroick Subject which any Poet could desire: I have taken upon me to discribe the motives, the beginning, progress and successes of a most just and necessary War; in it, the care, management and prudence of our King; the conduct and valour of a Royal Admiral, and of two incomparable Generals; the invincible courage of our Captains and Sea men, and three glorious Victories, the result of all. After this I have, in the Fire, the most deplorable, but withall the greatest Argument that can be imagin'd: the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in Story.

the former part of this Poem, relating to the War, is but a due expiation for my not serving my King and Country in it. All Gentlemen are almost oblig'd to it: And I know no reason we should give that advantage to the Commonalty of England to be for most in brave actions, which the Noblesse of France would never suffer in their Peasants. I should not have written this but to a Person, who has been ever forward to appear in all employments, whither his Honour and Generosity have call'd him. The latter part of my Poem, which describes the Fire, I owe first to the Piety and Fatherly Affection of our Monarch to his suffering Subjects; and in the second place, to the courage, loyalty and magnanimity of the City: both which were so conspicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have call'd my Poem Historical, not Epick, though both the Actions and Actors are as much Heroick, as any Poem can contain. But since the Action is not properly one, nor that accomplish'd in the last successes, I have judg'd it too bold a Title for a few Stanza's, which are little more in number then a single Iliad, or the longest of the *Æneids*. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action w'd too severely to the Laws of History) I am apt to agree with those who rank *Lucan* rather among Historians in Verse, then Epique Poets: In whose room, if I am not deceiv'd, *Silius Italicus*, though a worse Writer, may more justly be admitted. I have chosen to write my Poem in Quatrains or Stanza's of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judg'd them more noble, and of greater dignity, both from the sound and number, then any other Verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned Languages have, certainly, a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any Rhyme; and were less constrain'd in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with *Spindaxes* or *Dactiles*, besides so many other helps of Grammatical Figures, for the lengthning or abbreviation of them, then the Modern are in the close of that one Syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our Rhymes, I have always found the couplet Verse most easie, (though not so proper for this occasion) for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the Poet: but in Quatrains he is to carry it farther on; and not onely so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind must needs acknowledge, that
the

the last line of the Stanza is to be consider'd in the composition of the first. Neither can we give our selves the liberty of making any part of a Verse for the sake of Rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not currant English, or using the variety of Female Rhymes, all which our Fathers practis'd; and for the Female Rhymes, they are still in use amongst other Nations: With the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately, as those who have read the *Alarique*, the *Pucelle*, or any of their latter Poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrins, or Verses of six feet, such as amongst us is the old Translation of Homer, by Chapman; all which, by lengthning of their Chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my Stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the Preface to *Gondibert*, and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will onely say, I have never yet seen the description of any Naval Fight in the proper terms which are us'd at Sea; and if there be any such in another Language, as that of *Lucan* in the third of his *Pharsalia*, yet I could not prevail my self of it in the English; the terms of Arts in every Tongue bearing more of the Idiom of it then any other words. We hear, indeed, among our Poets, of the thundering of Guns, the smoke, the disorder and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly as those who, in a Logical dispute, keep in general terms, would bide a fallacy, so those who do it in any Poetical description, would veil their ignorance.

Descriptas servare vices operumque colores.

Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the Sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn: and if I have made some few mistakes, 'tis only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them, the whole Poem being first written, and now sent you from a place, where I have not so much as the converse of any Seaman. Yet, though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more then recompens'd by the pleasure; I found my self so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspir'd me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfi'd, that they are incomparably the best subject I have ever had, excepting on

the Royal Family ; so also , that this I have written of them is much better then what I have perform'd on any other. I have been forc'd to help out other Arguments, but this has been bountiful to me; they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful : but here ———— *Omnia sponte sua reddit iustissima tellus.* I have had a large, a fair and a pleasant field, so fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given me two Harvests in a Summer, and in both oppress'd the Reaper. All other greatness in subjects is onely counterfeits, it will not endure the test of danger ; the greatness of Arms is only real : other greatness burdens a Nation with its weight, this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the Age, so is it the peculiar goodness of the best of Kings, that we may praise his Subjects without offending him : doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own vertue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him : for the Good or the Valiant are never safely prais'd under a bad or a degenerate Prince. But to return from this digression to a farther account of my Poem, I must crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavour'd to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The Composition of all Poems is or ought to be of wit, and wit in the Poet, or wit writing, (if you will give me leave to use a school distinction) is no other then the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble Spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the Quarry it hunted after ; or without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or Ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well desin'd, the happy result of thought, or product of that imagination. But to proceed from wit in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an Heroick or Historical Poem, I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an Epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor Antithesis, (the delight of an ill judg'd audience in a Play of Rhyme) nor the gingle of a more poor Pantomasia : neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil ; but it is some lively and apt description, dress'd in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object, as perfectly and more delightfully, then nature. So then the first happiness of the Poet's imagination is properly Invention, or finding of the thought ; the second is Fancy,

or the variation, driving or moulding of that thought, as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is Elocution, or the Art of clothing and adorning that thought so found and varied, in apt, significant and sounding words: the quickness of the Imagination is seen in the Invention, the fertility in the Fancy, and the accuracy in the Expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the Poets, for the latter Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discompos'd by one: his words therefore are the least part of his care, for he pictures Nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of Dialogue or Discourse, and, consequently of the Drama, where all that is said is to be suppos'd the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of Tropes, or, in fine, any thing that shows remoteness of thought, or labour in the Writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own, he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess, as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that, if I see not more of their Souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me that Ovid has touch'd those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when Action or Persons are to be describ'd, when any such Image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! we see the objects he represents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but we so see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the Soul of the Poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his Pictures, Totamque insula per artus mens agit motem, & magno se corpore miscet; we behold him embellishing his Images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.

Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflarat honores:
Quale manus addunt Ebori decus aut ubi flavo
Argentum, pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

See his *Tempest*, his *Funeral Sports*, his *Combat of Turnus and Æneas*, and in his *Georgicks*, which I esteem the Divineſt part of all his writings, the *Plague*, the *Country*, the *Battel of Bulls*, the *labour of the Bees*, and thoſe many other excellent Images of *Nature*, moſt of which are neither great in themſelves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up : but the words wherewith he deſcribes them are ſo excellent, that it might be well appli'd to him which was ſaid by Ovid, *Materiam ſuperabat opus* : the very ſound of his words has often ſomewhat that is connatural to the ſubject, and while we read him, we ſit, as in a *Play*, beholding the *Scenes* of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent uſe of *Trepes*, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to ſome other ſignification ; and this is it which Horace means in his *Epistle to the Piſos*.

Dixeris egregie notum ſi callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum

But I am ſenſible I have preſum'd too far, to entertain you with a rude diſcourſe of that Art, which you both know ſo well, and put into practice with ſo much happineſs. Yet before I leave Virgil, I muſt own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my Maſter in this Poem : I have followed him every where, I know not with what ſucceſs, but I am ſure with diligence enough : my Images are many of them copied from him, and the reſt are imitations of him. My expreſſions alſo are as near as the Idioms of the two Languages would admit of in tranſlation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldneſs, for which I will ſtand accomptable to any of our little Criticks, who perhaps, are not better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your firſt peruſal of this Poem, you have taken notice of ſome words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to ſay ſo) upon his Latin ; which, as I offer not to introduce into Engliſh proſe, ſo I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether unelegant in Verſe ; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

Et nova, ſiſtaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, ſi Græco
ſonte cadant parce, detorta

The inference is exceeding plain ; for if a Roman Poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing onely that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he us'd this liberty but seldom, and with modesty : How much more justly may I challenge that priviledge to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin Writers ? In some places, where either the fancy, or the words, were his, or any others, I have noted it in the Margin ; that I might not seem a Plagiary : in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well the tediousness, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images, well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic Poësie, for they beget admiration, which is its proper object ; as the images of the Burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter ; for the one shows Nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair Woman, which we all admire ; the other shows her deformed, as in that of a Lazar, or of a fool with distorted face and antique gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from Nature. But though the same images serve equally for the Epique Poësie, and for the Historique and Panegyrique, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of Sculpture is to be used in them : if some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, *Stantes in curribus Æmilianis*, Heroes drawn in their triumphal Chariots, and in their full proportion ; others are to be like that of Virgil, *Spirantia mollius æra* : there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shown in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some who have seen a paper of Verses which I wrote last year to her Highness the Dutchess, have accus'd them of that onely thing I could defend in them ; they have said I did humi serpere, that I wanted not onely height of fancy, but dignity of words to set it off ; I might well answer with that of Horace, *Nunc non erit hic locus*, I knew I address'd them to a Lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure, rather then the height of thought ; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say, I have succeeded. I detest arrogance, but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candour, or the Readers. I leave them to speak for me, and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

For Sir

*Verses to her Highness the DUTCHESSE, on the
memorable Victory gain'd by the DUK
against the Hollanders, June the 3. 1665.
and on her Journey afterwards into the North.*

M A D A M,

VHen, for our sakes, your *Heroe* you resign'd,
To swelling Seas, and every faithless wind ;
When you releas'd his courage, and set free
A Valour fatal to the Enemy,
You lodg'd your Countries cares within your breast ;
(The mansion where soft Love should only rest :)
And ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your Souls divide !
Your Honour gave us what your Love deny'd :
And 'twas for him much easier to subdue
Those foes he fought with, then to part from you.
That glorious day, which two such Navies saw,
As each, unmatch'd, might to the world give Law:
Neptune, yet doubtful whom she should obey,
Held to them both the Trident of the Sea :
The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks were cast,
As awfully as when God's people past :
Those, yet uncertain on whose sails to blow,
These, where the wealth of Nations ought to flow:
Then with the Duke your Highness rul'd the day :
While all the brave did his command obey. }
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How pow'rful are chaste vows ! the wind and tyde
You brib'd to combat on the *English* side.
Thus to your much lov'd Lord you did convey,
An unknown succour, sent the nearest way.

New vigour to his wearied arms you brought ;
(So Moses was upheld while Israel fought.)
While, from afar, we heard the Canon play,
Like distant Thunder on a shiny day,
For absent friends we were ashamed to fear,
When we consider'd what you ventur'd there.
Ships, Men and Arms our Country might restore,
But such a Leader could supply no more.
With generous thoughts of conquest he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
Fortune and Victory he did pursue,
To bring them, as his Slaves, to wait on you.
Thus Beauty ravish'd the rewards of Fame,
And the Fair triumph'd when the Brave o'rcame.
Then, as you meant to spread another way
By Land your Conquests far as his by Sea,
Leaving our Southern Clime, you march'd along
The stubborn North, ten thousand Cupid's strong.
Like Commons the Nobility resort
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving Court :
To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
Like some new Envoy from the distant Sun.
And Country Beauties by their Lovers go,
Blessing themselves, and wondring at the show.
So when the new-born Phoenix first is seen,
Her feather'd Subjects all adore their Queen.
And, while she makes her progress through the East,
From every grove her numerous trains increast :
Each Poet of the air her glory sings,
And round him the pleas'd Audience clap their wings.

And now, Sir, 'tis time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the Publick to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my Poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those, of whom the younger Pliny speaks, Nec sunt parum multi qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant ; I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candid

in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not misball consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my Fame and Reputation; and therefore, I hope it will stir you up to make my Poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the story of the Gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denied the portion, christned all the children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name, as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, 'tis but reason I should do you that justice to the Readers, to let them know that if there be any thing tolerable in this Poem, they owe the Argument to your choice, the Writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgement, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

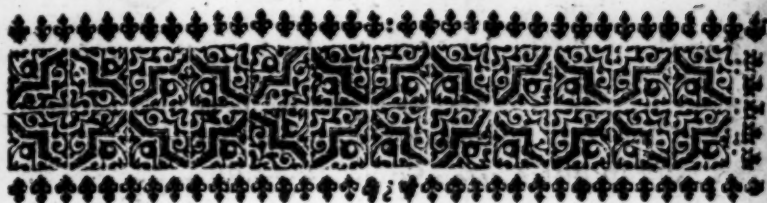
S I R,

From Charleton in
Wiltshire, Novem.
1666.

The most obedient and most
faithful of your Servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Annu



ANNUS MIRABILIS:

The YEAR of VVONDERS,
M D C L X V I.

I.

IN thriving Arts long time had *Holland* grown,
Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own,
Our King they courted, and our Merchants aw'd.

2.

Trade, which like bloud should circularly flow,
Stop'd in their Channels, found its freedom lost
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And seem'd but shipwrack'd on so base a Coast.

3.

For them alone the Heav'ns had kindly heat,
^a In Eastern Quarries ripening precious Dew :
 For them the *Idumæan* Balm did sweat,
 And in hot *Ceilon* Spicy Forrests grew.

(a) In Eastern Quarries, &c. Precious Stones at first are Dew,
 condens'd and harden'd by the warmth of the Sun, or subterranean Fires.

4.

The Sun but seem'd the Lab'rer of their Year;
 Each waxing Moon suppli'd her watry store,
 To swell those Tides which from the Line did bear
 Their brim-full Vessels to the *Belg'an* shore.

(b) Each waxing, &c. according to their opinion, who think that
 great heap of waters under the Line is depressed into Tydes by
 the Moon, towards the Poles.

5.

Thus mighty in her Ships, stood *Carthage* long,
 And swept the riches of the world from far;
 Yet stoop'd to *Rome*, less wealthy, but more strong:
 And this may prove our second Punick War.

6.

What peace can be where both to one pretend ?
 (But they more diligent, and we more strong)
 Or if a peace, it soon must have an end;
 For they would grow too pow'rful were it long.

7. Behold

(3)

7.

Behold two Nations then, ingag'd so far, [Land;
That each sev'n years the fit must shake each
Where *France* will side to weaken us by War,
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

8.

See how he feeds th' *Iberian* with delays,
To render us his timely friendship vain;
And, while his secret Soul on *Flanders* preys,
He rocks the Cradle of the Babe of *Spain*.

(c) *Tb' Iberian, the Spaniard.*

9.

Such deep designs of Empire does he lay
O'r them whose cause he seems to take in hand;
And, prudently, would make them Lords at Sea,
To whom with ease he can give Laws by Land.

10.

This saw our King; and long within his breast
His pensive counsels ballanc'd to and fro;
He griev'd the Land, he freed, should be oppress'd,
And he less for it then Usurpers do.

(4)

11.

His gen'rous mind the fair Idea's drew
Of Fame and Honour which in dangers lay ;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by Birds of prey.

12.

The loss and gain each fatally were great ;
And still his Subjects call'd aloud for war :
But peaceful Kings o'r martial people set,
Each others poize and counter-balance are.

13.

He, first, survey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty Monarchs could main-
tain ;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from Limbecks rise,
It would in richer showers descend again.

14.

At length resolv'd t'assert the watry Ball,
He in himself did whole Armado's bring ;
Him, aged Sea-men might their Master call,
And choose for General were he not their King.

15. It

It seems as every Ship their Sovereign knows,
 His awful summons they so soon obey;
 So here the skaly Herd when^d *Proteus* blows,
 And so to pasture follow through the Sea.

(d) *When Proteus blows, or Cæruleus Proteus inmania
 ponti armenta & magnas pascit sub gurgite Phocas. Virg.*

To see this Fleet upon the Ocean move
 Angels drew wide the Curtains of the skies:
 And Heav'n, as if there wanted Lights above,
 For Tapers made two glaring Comets rise.

Whether they unctuous Exhalations are,
 Fir'd by the Sun, or seeming so alone,
 Or each some more remote and slippery Star,
 Which looses footing when to Mortals shown.

Or one that bright companion of the Sun, [King-
 Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born
 And now a round of greater years begun,
 New influence from his walks of light did bring

Victorious *York* did, first, with fam'd success,
 To his known valour make the *Dutch* give place:
 Thus Heav'n our Monarch's fortune did confess,
 Beginning conquest from his Royal Race.

But since it was decreed, Auspicious King, [Main,
 In *Britain's* right that thou should'st wed the
 Heav'n, as a gage would cast some precious thing,
 And therefore doom'd that *Lawson* should be
 [Main,

Lawson amongst the formost met his fate,
 Whom Sea-green *Sirens* from the Rocks lament,
 Thus as an off'ring for the *Grecian* State,
 He first was kill'd who first to *Battel* went.

Their Chief blown up, in air, not waves expir'd,
 To which his pride presum'd to give the Law;
 The *Dutch* confess'd Heav'n present, and retir'd,
 And all was *Britain* the wide Ocean saw.

* *The Admiral of Holland.*

(7)

23.

To nearest Ports their shatter'd Ships repair,
Where by our dreadful Canon they lay aw'd :
So reverently men quit the open air
When thunder speaks the angry Gods abroad.

24.

[fraught
And now approach'd their Fleet from *India*,
With all the riches of the rising Sun : [brought,
And precious Sand from 'Southern Climates
(The fatal Regions where the War begun.)

The attempt at Berghen. (c) Southern Climates, Guinny.

25.

Like hunted *Castors*, conscious of their store, [bring
Their way-laid wealth to *Norway's* coasts they
There first the North's cold bosome Spices bore,
And Winter brooded on the Eastern Spring.

26.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey, [lie
Which flank'd with Rocks did close in cover
And round about their murdering Canon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

B 4

(8)

27.

Fiercer then Canon, and then Rocks more hard,
The *English* undertake th' unequal War :
Seven Ships alone, by which the Port is barr'd,
Besiege the *Indies*, and all *Denmark* dare.

28.

These fight like Husbands, but like Lovers those :
These fain would keep, and those more fain
[enjoy:
And to such height their frantick passion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

29.

Midst whole heaps of Spices lights a Ball,
And now their Odours arm'd against them flie :
Some preciously by shatter'd Porcelain fall,
And some by Aromatick splinters die.

30.

And though by Tempests of the prize bereft,
In Heavens inclemency some ease we find :
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the Seas and Wind.

31. Nor

(9)

31.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey ;
For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd :
Which, as a tribute from the Balthick Sea,
The British Ocean sent her mighty Lord,

32.

Go, Mortals, now, and vex your selves in vain
For wealth, which so uncertainly must come :
When what was brought so far, and with such pain,
Was only kept to lose it neerer home.

33.

The Son, who, twice three month's on th' Ocean
Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,
Now sees, in *English* Ships the *Holland* Coast,
And Parents arms in vain stretch'd from th' [shore]

34.

This carefull Husband had been long away,
Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their Father promis'd to return

35.

'Such are the proud designs of human kind,
And so we suffer Shipwrack every where !
Alas, what Port can such a Pilot find,
Who in the night of Fate must blindly steer !

(f) *Such are, &c. from Petronius. Si bene calculum ponas ubique fit naufragium.*

36.

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill
Heav'n, in his bosom, from our knowledge hides,
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
Which oft, for friends, mistaken foes provides.

37.

Prelate ever be accurst,
In whom we seek the German faith in vain :
As that he should teach the English first [reign]
That fraud and avarice in the Church could

(g) *The German faith. Tacitus saith of them, Nullos*
statum fide aut armis ante Germanos esse.

38.

Happy who never trusts a Strangers will,
Whose friendship's in his int'rest understood !
Whose money giv'n but tempts him to be ill,
Whose pow'r is too remote to make him good.

39. Till

Till now, alone the Mighty Nations strove:
 The rest, at gaze, without the Lists did stand:
 And threatning *France*, plac'd like a painted *Foe*,
 Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

War declar'd by France.

That Eunuch Guardian of rich *Hollands* trade,
 Who envies us what he wants pow'r to enjoy,
 Whose noiseful valour does no foe invade,
 And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
 He takes this time his secret hate to show:
 Which *Charles* does with a mind so calm receive
 As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

With *France*, to aid the *Dutch*, the *Danes* unite:
France as their Tyrant, *Denmark* as their Slave,
 But when with one three Nations joyn to fight,
 They silently confess that one more brave.

43.

Lewis had chas'd the *English* from his shore ;
 But *Charles* the *French* as Subjects does invite.
 Would Heav'n for each some *Salomon* restore,
 Who, by their mercy, may decide their right.

44.

Were Subjects so but onely by their choice,
 And not from Birth did forc'd Dominion take,
 Our Prince alone would have the publique voice ;
 And all his Neighbours Realms would desarts
 [make.

45.

He without fear a dangerous War pursues,
 Which without rashness he began before.
 As Honour made him first the danger choose,
 So still he makes it good on Virtues score.

46.

The doubled charge his Subjects love supplies,
 Who, in that bounty, to themselves are kind :
 So glad Egyptians see their *Nilus* rise,
 And in his plenty their abundance find.

47. With

47.

With equal pow'r he does two Chiefs create,
 Two such, as each seem'd worthiest when alone:
 Each able to sustain a Nations fate,
 Since both had found a greater in their own.

Prince Rupert and Duke of Albemarle sent to sea.

48.

Both great in Courage, Conduct and in Fame,
 Yet neither envious of the others praise.
 Their duty, faith, and int'rest too the same,
 Like mighty Partners equally they raise.

49.

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's love,
 But once possess'd did absolutely reign;
 Thus with their *Amazons* the *Heroes* strove,
 And conquer'd first those Beauties they would
 [gain.

50.

The Duke, beheld, like *Scipio*, with disdain
 That *Carthage*, which he ruin'd, rise once more:
 And shook aloft the Fasces of the Main,
 To fright those Slaves with what they fear.

(14)

51.

Together to the watty Camp they haste,
Whom Matrons passing, to their children show :
Infants first vows for them to Heav'n are cast,
And ^h future people bless them as they go.

(h) *Future people*, Examina infantium futurisque populus.
Plin. Jun. in pan. ad Traj.

52.

With them no riotous pomp, nor *Asian* train,
T' infect a Navy with their gawdy fears :
To make show fights, and victories but vain ;
But war, severely, like it self, appears.

53.

Diffusive of themselves, where e'r they pass,
They make that warmth in others they expect :
Their valour works like bodies on a glass,
And does its Image on their men project.

54.

Our Fleet divides, and straight the *Dutch* appear,
In number, and a fam'd Commander, bold :
The Narrow Seas can scarce their Navy bear,
Or crowded Vessels can their Soldiers hold.

of Albemarl's Battel first day.

55. The

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
 On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
 His murdering Guns a loud defiance roar,
 And bloody Crosses on his Flag-staffs rise.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight,
 Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:
 Th' *Elean* Plains could boast no nobler fight,
 When struggling Champions did their bodies
 [bare.

(i) *Th' Elean, &c. Where the Olympick Games were celebrated.*

Born each by other in a distant Line,
 The Sea-built Forts in dreadful order move:
 So vast the noise, as if not Fleets did joyn,
 But Lands unfix'd, and floating Nations strove,

(k) *Lands unfixed from Virgil: Credas innare revultas Cycladas, &c.*

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack,
 Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:
 And, in its eye, more closely they come back,
 To finish all the deaths they left behind.

(16)

59.

On high-rais'd Decks the haughty *Belgians* ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble *Fregats* go :
Such port the Elephant bears, and so defi'd,
By the *Rhinocero's* her unequal foe.

60.

And as the built, so different is the fight ;
Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd :
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a passage find.

61.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives.
All bare, like some old Oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

62.

Of old, when wounded, shelter sought,
That he, who meets all danger with disdain,
In their face his ship to Anchor brought,
His people high stood propt upon the Main!

63. A

63.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
 The foremost of his foes a while withdraw.
 With such respect in enter'd *Rome* they gaz'd,
 Who on high Chairs the God-like Fathers saw.

64.

And now, as where *Patroclus* body lay,
 Here *Trojan* Chiefs advanc'd, & there the *Greek*;
 Ours o'r the Duke their pious wings display,
 And theirs the noblest spoils of *Britain* seek.

65.

Mean time, his busie Marriners he hasts,
 His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore;
 And willing Pines ascend his broken Masts,
 Whose lofty heads rise higher then before.

66.

Straight to the *Dutch* he turns his dreadful power,
 More fierce th'important quarrel to decide,
 Like Swans, in long array his Vessels show,
 Whose creasts, advancing, do the waves divide.

(18)

67.

They charge, re-charge, and all along the Sea
They drive, and squander the huge *Belgian* Fleet.
Berkley alone, not making equal way,
Did a like fate with lost *Crewsa* meet.

68.

The night comes on, we, eager to pursue
The Combat still, and they asham'd to leave:
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful Moon-light did our rage deceive.

69.

In th' *English* Fleet each ship resounds with joy,
And loud applause of their great Leader's fame.
In fiery dreams the *Dutch* they still destroy,
And, slumbering, smile at the imagin'd flame.

70.

Not so the *Holland* Fleet, who tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary Oxen lie:
Paint sweats all down their mighty members run,
(Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply.)

71. In

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
 Or, shipwrack'd, labour to some distant shore:
 Or in dark Churches walk among the dead:
 They wake with horror, & dare sleep no more.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
 Till, from their Main-top, joyful news they hear
 Of ships, which by their mold bring new supplies,
 And in their colours *Belgian* Lions bear.

Second dayes Battel.

Our watchful General had discern'd, from far,
 This mighty succour which made glad the foe.
 He sigh'd, but, like a Father of the War, [flow
 His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows

(1) *His face*, &c. Spem vultu simulat premit alto corde
 dolorem. *Virg.*

His wounded men he first sends off to shore:
 (Never, till now, unwilling to obey.) [Explore
 They, not their wounds but want of strength
 And think them happy who with him can stay

Then, to the rest, Rejoyce, (said he) to day
 In you the fortune of *Great Britain* lies :
 Among so brave a people you are they [Prize:
 Whom Heav'n has chose to fight for such a

If number *English* courages could quell,
 We should at first have shun'd, not met our foes;
 Whose numerous sails the fearfull onely tell :
 Courage from hearts, and not from numbers
 [grows.

He said ; nor needed more to say : with hast
 To their known stations chearfully they go ;
 And all at once, disdaining to be last,
 Sollicite every gale to meet the foe.

Nor did th'incourag'd *Belgians* long delay,
 But, bold in others, not themselves, they stood ;
 So thick, our Navy scarce could steer their way,
 But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

(21)

79.

Our little Fleet was now engag'd so far, [fought.
That, like the Sword-fish in the Whale, they
The Combat only seem'd a Civil War,
Till through their bowels we our passage
[wrought.

80.

Never had valour, no not ours before,
Done ought like this upon the Land or Main :
Where not to be o'come was to do more
Then all the Conquests former Kings did gain.

81.

The mighty Ghosts of our great *Harries* rose,
And armed *Edwards* look'd, with anxious eyes,
To see this Fleet among unequal foes,
By which fate promis'd them their *Charls* should
[rise.

82.

Mean time the *Belgians* tack upon our Reer, [send:
And raking Chace-guns through our sterns they
Close by, their Fire-ships, like *Fackals*, appear,
Who on their *Lions* for the prey attend.

C 3

83. Silent

(22)

83.

Silent in smoke of Canons they come on:
(Such vapors once did fiery *Cacus* hide.)
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,
Who burn contented by anothers side.

84.

Sometimes, from fighting Squadrons of each Flee,
(Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some
Two grapling *Atræ's* on the Ocean meet, [friend]
And *English* fires with *Belgian* flames contend,

85.

Now, at each Tack, our little Flee grows less;
And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the
[Main,
their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
While they lose cheaper then the *English* gain,

86.

Have you not seen when, whistled from the fist,
Some Falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
And, with her eagerness, the quarry miss'd, [wind,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the

87. The

The dastard Crow, that to the wood made wing,
 And sees the Groves no shelter can afford,
 With her loud Kaws her Craven kind does bring,
 Who, safe in numbers cuff the noble Bird.

Among the *Dutch* thus *Albemar*l did fate:
 He could not conquer, and disdain'd to flee.
 Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
 Like falling *Cesar*, decently to die.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move
 To see those perish who so well had fought:
 And, generously, with his despair he strove,
 Resolv'd to live till he their safety wrought.

Let other Muses write his prosp'rous fate,
 Of conquer'd Nations tell, and Kings restor'd:
 But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate, [ford.
 Which, like the Sun's, more wonders does af-

91.

He drew his mighty *Fregates* all before,
 On which the foe his fruitless force employs;
 His weak ones deep into his Reer he bore,
 Remote from Guns as sick men are from noise,

92.

His fiery Canon did their passage guide,
 And toll'wing smoke obscur'd them from the foe,
 Thus *Israel* safe from the *Egyptian's* pride,
 By flaming pillars, and by clouds did go.

93.

Elsewhere the *Belgian* force we did defeat,
 But here our courages did theirs subdue:
 So *Xenophon* once led that fam'd retreat,
 Which first the *Asian* Empire overthrew.

94.

The foe approach'd: and one, for his bold sin,
 Was sunk, (as he that touch'd the Ark was slain,)
 The wild waves master'd him, and suck'd him in,
 And smiling Eddies dimpled on the Main.

95. This

(23)

95.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood ;
As if they had been there as servants set,
To stay or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue, but wait on his retreat.

96.

So *Lybian* Huntsmen, on some sandy plain,
From shady coverts rous'd, the Lion chase :
The Kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

(m) *The simile is Virgil's, Vestigia retro impropinata
refert, &c.*

97.

But if some one approach to dare his force,
He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round
With one paw seizes on his trembling Horse,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

98.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night,
Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore ;
And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

(n) *Weary waves, from Statius Sylv. Nec trucibus fluxis
idem sonus : occidit horror aquoris, ac tenis maria acclinata
suscitant.*

99. The

The Moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
 Where, while her beams like glittering silver
 Upon the Deck our careful General stood, [play,
 And deeply mus'd on the ° succeeding day.

(o) *The third of June, famous for two former Victories.*

That happy Sun, said he, will rise again,
 Who twice victorious did our Navy see:
 And I alone must view him rise in vain,
 Without one ray of all his Star for me.

Yet, like an *English* General will I die,
 And all the Ocean make my spacious grave.
 Women and Cowards on the Land may lie,
 The Sea's a Tomb that's proper for the brave.

Restless he pass'd the remnants of the night,
 Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh,
 And burning ships, the Martyrs of the fight,
 With paler fires beheld the Eastern sky.

(27)

103.

But now, his stores of Ammunition spent,
His naked valour is his only guard :
Rare thunders are from his dumb Canon sent,
And solitary Guns are scarcely heard,

Third day.

104.

Thus far had Fortune pow'r, here forc'd to stay,
Nor longer durst with vertue be at strife :
This, as a ransom *Albemarl* did pay
For all the glories of so great a life.

105.

For now brave *Rupert's* Navy did appear,
Whose waving streamers from afar he knows :
As in his fate something divine there were,
Who dead and buried the third day arose.

106.

The Anxious Prince had heard the Canon long,
And from that length of time dire *Andrew* drew
Of *English* over-match'd, and *Dutch* too strong,
Who never fought three days but to pursue.

107. Then,

107.

Then, as an Eagle, (who, with pious care,
 Was bearing widely on the wing for prey)
 To her now silent Eiry does repair,
 And finds her callow Infants forc'd away.

108.

Stung with her love she stoops upon the plain,
 The broken air loud whistling as she flies :
 She stops, and listens, and shoots forth again,
 And guides her pinions by her young ones cries.

109.

With such kind passion hastes the Prince to fight,
 : And spreads his flying canvass to the sound,
 Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
 Now, absent, every little noise can wound.

DPO.

As, in a drought, the thirsty creatures cry, And T
 And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain,
 And first the Martlet meets it in the sky, [train
 And, with wet wings, joys all the feather'd

With such glad hearts did our despairing men
 Salute th' appearance of the Princes Fleet:
 And each ambitiously would claim the Ken
 That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

The *Dutch*, who came like greedy Hinds before,
 To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,
 Now look like those, when rousing thunders roar,
 And sheets of Lightning blast the standing field.

Full in the Princes passage, hills of sand
 And dang'rous flats in secret ambush lay,
 Where the false tides skim o'r the cover'd Land,
 And Sea-men with dissembled depths betray.

The wily *Dutch*, who, like fall'n Angels, fear'd
 This new *Messiah's* coming, there did wait,
 And round the verge their braving Vessels steer'd,
 To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

115.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,
 Secure of fame when ere he please to fight :
 His cold experience tempers all his heat,
 And inbred worth does boasting valour slight.

116.

Heroique virtue did his actions guide,
 And he the substance not th' appearance chose :
 To rescue one such friend he took more pride
 Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

117.

But, when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,
Rupert and *Albemarle* together grow :
 He joys to have his friend in safety found,
 Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

118.

The chearful Souldiers, with new stores suppli'd,
 Now long to execute their spleenfull will ;
 And, in revenge for those three days they tri'd,
 With one, like *Jashua's*, when the Sun stood

(still,

119. Thus

Thus re-inforc'd, against the adverse Fleet
 Still doubling ours, brave *Rupert* leads the way.
 With the first blushes of the Morn they meet,
 And bring night back upon the new-born day.

Fourth dayes Battel.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
 And his loud Guns speak thick like angry men:
 It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,
 And death new pointed his dull dart agen.

The *Dutch*, too well his mighty Conduct knew,
 And matchless Courage since the former fight:
 Whose Navy like a stiff stretch'd cord did show
 Till he bore in, and bent them into flight.

The wind he shares while half their Fleet offends
 His open side, and high above him shows,
 Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
 And, doubly harm'd, he double harms bestows.

123.

Behind, the Gen'ral mends his weary pace,
 And suddenly to his revenge he sails:
 So glides some trodden Serpent on the grass,
 And long behind his wounded volume trails.

(p) *So glides &c. from Virgil. Quum medii nexus, extre-
 mazque agmina caudæ solvuntur; tardosque trahit sinus
 ultimus orbes, &c.*

124.

TH increasing sound is born to either shore,
 And for their stakes the throwing Nations fear.
 Their passion, double with the Canons roar,
 And with warm wishes each man combates there.

125.

Pl'd thick and close as when the fight begun,
 Their huge unwieldy Navy wafts away:
 So sick'n' waning Moons too neer the Sun,
 And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

126.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
 Their Ships like wasted Patrimonies show:
 Where the thin scatt'ring Trees admit the light,
 And shun each others shadows as they grow.

127.

The

127.

The warlike Prince had sever'd from the rest
 Two giant ships, the pride of all the Main;
 Which, with his one, so vigorously he press'd;
 And flew so home they could not rise again.

128.

Already batter'd, by his Lee they lay:
 In vain upon the passing winds they call:
 The passing winds through their torn canvass play,
 And flagging sails on heartless Sailors fall.

129.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
 Dreadful as day let in to shades below:
 Without, grim death rides bare-fac'd in their sight,
 And urges ent'ring billows as they flow.

130.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
 Close by the boar'd the Prince's Main-mast bore:
 All three now, helpless, by each other lie,
 And this offends not, and those fear no more.

D

131. So

131.

So have I seen some fearful Hare maintain
 A Course, till tir'd before the Dog she lay :
 Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,
 Past pow'r to kill as she to get away.

132.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey,
 His warm breath blows her flax up as she lies :
 She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
 And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

133.

The Prince unjustly does his Stars accuse,
 Which hindr'd him to push his fortune on :
 For what they to his courage did refuse,
 By mortal valour never must be done.

134.

This lucky hour the wise *Batavian* takes,
 And warns his tatter'd Fleet to follow home :
 Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
 Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'r-come.

(q) From Horace : Quos opinus fallere & effugere est triumphus.

135. The

135.

The General's force, as kept alive by fight,
 Now, not oppos'd, no longer can pursue:
 Lasting till Heav'n had done his courage right,
 When he had conquer'd he his weakness knew.

136.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,
 And sighs to see him quit the watry field:
 His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,
 For all the glories which the Fight did yield.

137.

Though, as when Fiends did Miracles avow,
 He stands confess'd even by the boastful *Dutch*,
 He onely does his conquest disavow,
 And thinks too little what they found too much.

138.

Return'd, he with the Fleet resolv'd to stay,
 No tender thoughts of home his heart divide:
 Domestick joys and cares he puts away, [guide,
 For Realms are households which the Great must

(36)

139.

As those who unripe veins in Mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digests the yet imperfect Ore,
And know it will be Gold another day.

140.

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,
Th' essay, and rudiments of great success,
Which all-maturing time must bring to light,
While he, like Heav'n, does each days labour
[bless.

141.

Heav'n ended not the first or second day,
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd:
God and Kings work, when they their work sur-
And passive aptness in all subjects find. [vey,

142.

In burden'd Vessels, first, with speedy care,
His plenteous Stores do season'd timber send:
Thither the brawny Carpenters repair,
And as the Surgeons of maim'd ships attend.

His Majesty repairs the Fleet.

143. With

(37)

143.

[sent,
With Cord and Canvas from rich *Hamburg*
His Navies molted wings he imps once more :
Tall *Norway* Fir, their Masts in Battel spent,
And *English* Oak sprung leaks and planks restore.

144.

All hands employ'd, the Royal work grows warm,
Like labouring Bees on a long Summers day,
Some sound the Trumpet for the rest to swarm,
And some on bells of tasted Lillies play :

(r) Fervet opus : *the same similitude in Virgil.*

145.

With glewy wax some new foundation lay
Of Virgin combs, which from the roof are hung :
Some arm'd within doors, upon duty stay,
Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

146.

So here, some pick out bullets from the sides,
Some drive old Okum through each seam & rift:
Their left-hand does the Calking-iron guide,
The ratling Mallet with the right they lift.

D 3

147. With

(38)

147.

With boiling Pitch another near at hand [stops;
(From friendly *Sweden* brought) the seams in-
Which well paid o'r the salt-Sea waves withstand,
And shakes them from the rising beak in drops,

148.

Some the gall'd ropes with dauby Marling bind,
Or sear-cloth Masts with strong Tarpawling coats:
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one, below, their ease or stiffness notes.

149.

Our careful Monarch stands in Person by,
His new-cast Canons firmness to explore :
The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
And Ball and Carriage sorts for every bore.

150.

Each day brings fresh supplies of Arms and Men,
And Ships which all last Winter were abroad :
And such as fitted since the Fight had been,
Or new from Stocks were fall'n into the Road.

151. The

151.

The goodly *London* in her gallant trim,
 (The *Phoenix* daughter of the vanish'd old :)
 Like a rich Bride does to the Ocean swim,
 And on her shadow rides in floating gold.
 Loyal London describ'd.

152.

Her Flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,
 And sanguine Streamers seem the flood to fire :
 The Weaver charm'd with what his Loom de-
 Goes on to Sea, and knows not to retire. [sign'd.

153.

With roomy decks, her Guns of mighty strength,
 (Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow
 [laves :)
 Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
 She seems a Sea-wasp flying on the waves.

154.

This Martial Present, piously design'd,
 The Loyal City give their best-lov'd King
 And with a bounty ample as the wind,
 Built, fitted and maintain'd to aid him bring.

D 4

155. BY

155.

By viewing Nature, Natures Hand-maid, Art,
 Makes mighty things from small beginnings
 Thus fishes first to shipping did impart. [grow:
 Their tail the Rudder, and their head the Prow.

Digression concerning Shipping and Navigation.

156.

Some Log, perhaps, upon the waters swam
 An useless drift, which, rudely cut within,
 And hollow'd, first a floating trough became,
 And cross some Riv'let passage did begin.

157.

In shipping such as this the *Irish Kern*,
 And untaught *Indian*, on the stream did glide:
 Ere sharp keel'd Boats to stem the flood did learn,
 Or fin-like Oars did spread from either side,

158.

Adde but a Sail, and *Saturn* so appear'd,
 When, from lost Empire, he to Exile went,
 And with the Golden age to *Tyber* steer'd,
 Where Coin & first Commerce he did invent.

159. Rude

(41)

159.

Rude as their Ships was Navigation, then ;
No useful Compass or Meridian known :
Coasting, they kept the Land within their ken,
And knew no North but when the Pole-star
[shone.

160.

Of all who since have us'd the open Sea, [won :
Then the bold *English* none more fame have
' Beyond the Year, and out of Heav'ns high-way,
They make discoveries where they see no Sun.
(f) Extra anni solisque vias. *Virg.*

161.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor man-kinds benighted wit is sought,
Shall in this Age to *Britain* first be shown,
And hence be to admiring Nations taught.

162.

The Ebbs of Tydes, and their mysterious flow,
We, as Arts Elements shall understand :
And as by Line upon the Ocean go,
Whose paths shall be familiar as the Land.

163. ' Instructed

163.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick Commerce;

By which remotest Regions are all'd;

Which makes one City of the Universe,

Where some may gain, and all may be suppl'd.

(t) By a more exact knowledge of Longitudes.

164.

Then, we upon our Globes last verge shall go,

And view the Ocean leaning on the sky:

From thence our rolling Neighbours we shall

And on the Lunar world securely pry. [know,

165.

This I fore-tel, from your auspicious care,

Who great in search of God and Nature grow:

Who best your wise Creator's praise declare;

Since best to praise his works is best to know.

Apostrophe to the Royal Society.

166.

O truly Royal! who behold the Law,

And rule of Beings in your Maker's mind,

And thence, like Limbecks, rich Ideas draw;

To fit the levell'd use of humane kind.

167. But

167.

But first the toils of war we must endure,
 And, from th' Injurious *Dutch* redeem the seas,
 War makes the Valiant of his right secure,
 And gives up fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

168.

Already were the *Belgians* on our coast,
 Whose Fleet more mighty every day became,
 By late success, which they did falsely boast,
 And now, by first appearing seem'd to claim.

169.

Designing, subtil, diligent, and close,
 They knew to manage War with wise delay:
 Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
 And, by their pride, their prudence did betray.

170.

Nor staid the *English* long: but, well suppl'd,
 Appear as numerous as th' insulting foe.
 The Combat now by courage must be tri'd,
 And the success the braver Nation show.

171. There

171.

There was the *Plimouth* Squadron new come in,
Which in the *Straights* last Winter was abroad :
Which twice on *Biscay's* working Bay had been,
And on the Mid-land Sea the *French* had aw'd.

172.

Old expert *Allen*, loyal all along,
Fam'd for his action on the *Smirna* Fleet,
And *Holmes*, whose name shall live in Epique Song,
While Musick Numbers, or while Verse has
[Feet.

173.

Holmes, the *Achates* of the Gen'als fight, [Gold:
Who first bewitch'd our eyes with *Guinny*
As once old *Cato* in the *Roman's* fight
The tempting fruits of *Africk* did unfold.

174.

With him went *Sprag*, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage to command had
[brought:
Harman, who did the twice fir'd *Harry* save,
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

175. Young

175.

Young *Hollis*, on a *Muse* by *Mars* begot,
 Born, *Cesar*-like, to write and act great deeds:
 Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
 His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

176.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,
 Whose deeds some nobler Poem shall adorn:
 And, though to me unknown, they, sure, fought
 [well,
 Whom *Rupert* led, and who were *British* born.

177.

Of every size an hundred fighting Sail,
 So vast the Navy now at Anchor rides,
 That underneath it the press'd waters fail,
 And, with its weight, it shoulders off the Tydes.

178.

[Sail;
 Now Anchors weigh'd, the Sea-men shout so
 That Heav'n & Earth and the wide Ocean rings
 A breeze from Westward waits their sails to fill,
 And rests, in those high beds, his downy wings.

179. The

179.

The wary *Dutch* this gathering storm foresaw,
 And durst not hide it on the *English* coast:
 Behind their treach'rous shallows they withdraw,
 And their lay snares to catch the *British* Hoast.

180.

So the false Spider, when her Nets are spread,
 Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:
 And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,
 Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling Fly.

181.

Then, if at last, she find him fast beset,
 She issues forth, and runs along her Loom:
 She joyes to touch the Captive in her Net,
 And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

182.

The *Belgians* hop'd that, with disorder'd haste,
 Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run:
 Or, if with caution leisurely were past, [one.
 Their numerous gross might charge us one by

183. But,

183.

But, with a fore-wind pushing them above, [low,
 And swelling tyde that heav'd them from be-
 O'r the blind flats our warlike Squadrons move,
 And, with spread sails, to welcome Battel go.

184.

It seem'd as there the *British Neptune* stood,
 With all his host of waters at command,
 Beneath them to submit th' officious froud : [sand.
 " And, with his Trident, shov'd them off the
 (") *Levat ipse Tridenti, & vastas aperit Syrtes, &c. Virg.*

185.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,
 And summon them to unexpected fight :
 They start like Murderers when Ghosts appear,
 And draw their Curtains in the dead of night.

186.

Now Van to Van the formost Squadrons meet,
 The midmost Battels hasting up behind,
 Who view, far off, the storm of falling Sleet,
 And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

Second Battel.

187. At

187.

At length the Adverse Admirals appear [right]
 (The two bold Champions of each Countries
 Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,
 And draw the lines of death before they fight.

188.

The distance judg'd for shot of every size,
 The linestocks touch, the pond'rous ball expires:
 The vig'rous Sea-man every port-hole plies,
 And adds his heart to every Gun he fires.

189.

Fierce was the fight on the proud *Belgians* side,
 For honour, which they feldome fought before
 But now they by their own vain boasts were tild:
 And forc'd, at least in show, to prize it more.

190.

But sharp remembrance on the *English* part,
 And shame of being match'd by such a foe:
 Rouze conscious vertue up in every heart,
 And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

(w) Possunt quia posse videntur.

Virg.

191. No

191.

Nor long the *Belgians* could that Fleet sustain,
Which did two Gen'ral's fates, and *Cesar's* bear,
Each several Ship a victory did gain,
As *Rupert* or as *Albemarle* were there.

192.

Their batter'd Admiral too soon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight:
But he the minds of his *Dutch* Masters knew,
Who call'd that providence which we call'd
[flight.

193.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or sooner understood the sign to flee:
With such alacrity they bore away,
As if to praise them all the States stood by.

194.

O famous Leader of the *Belgian* Fleet,
Thy Monument inscrib'd such praise shall wear
As *Varro*, timely flying, once did meet,
Because he did not of his *Rome* despair.

E

195. Behold

195.

Behold that Navy which a while before
 Provok'd the tardy *English* to the fight,
 Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,
 As Larks lie da'd to shun the Hobbies flight.

196.

Who ere would *English* Monuments survey,
 In other records may our courage know:
 But let them hide the story of this day,
 Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

197.

Or if too busily they will enquire
 Into a victory which we disdain:
 Then let them know, the *Belgians* did retire
 * Before the Patron Saint of injur'd Spain.

(x) Patron Saint: St. James, on whose day this victory was gain'd.

198.

Repenting *England* this revengeful day
 ' To Philip's Manes did an offering bring.
 England, which first, by leading them astray,
 Hatch'd up Rebellion to destroy her King.

(y) Philip's Manes: Philip the second, of Spain, against whom
 the Hollanders rebelling, were aided by Queen Elizabeth.

199. Ou

199.

Our Fathers bent their baneful industry
 To check a Monarchy that slowly grew;
 But did not *France* or *Holland's* fate foresee,
 Whose rising pow'r to swift Dominion flew;

200.

In fortunes Empire blindly thus we go,
 And wander after pathless destiny:
 Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot know;
 In vain it would provide for what shall be.

201.

But what ere *English* to the blest'd shall go,
 And the fourth *Harry* or first *Orange* meet:
 Find him disowning of a *Burbon* foe,
 And him detesting a *Batavian* Fleet.

202.

Now on their coasts our conquering Navy rides,
 Way-lays their Merchants, and their Land be-
 [sets:
 Each day new wealth without their care provides,
 They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

203.

So, close behind some Promontory lie
 The huge Leviathians t' attend their prey:
 And give no chace, but swallow in the frie, [way.
 Which through their gaping jaws mistake the

204.

Nor was this all: in Ports and Roads remote,
 Destructive Fires among whole Fleets we send:
 Triumphant flames upon the water flote,
 And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.
Burning of the Fleet in the Vly by Sir Robert Holmes.

205.

Those various Squadrons, variously design'd,
 Each vessel freighted with a several load:
 Each Squadron waiting for a several wind,
 All find but one, to burn them in the Road.

206.

Some bound for *Guinny*, golden sand to find,
 Bore all the gawds the simple Natives wear:
 Some for the pride of *Turkish* Courts design'd,
 For folded *Turbans* finest *Holland* bear.

207. Som

207.

Some *English* Wool, vex'd in a *Belgian* Loom,
 And into Cloth of spongy softness made:
 Did into *France* or colder *Denmark* doom,
 To ruine with worse ware our staple Trade,

208.

Our greedy Sea-men rummage every hold,
 Smile on the booty of each wealthier Chest:
 And, as the Priests who with their gods make bold,
 Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

209.

But ah ! how unsincere are all our joyes ! [no stay:
 Which, sent from Heav'n, like Lightning make
 Their palling taste the journeys length destroys,
 Or grief, sent post, o'r-takes them on the way.
Transitum to the Fire of London.

210.

Swell'd with our late successes on the Foe, [cross:
 Which *France* and *Holland* wanted power to
 We urge an unseen Fate to lay us low,
 And feed their envious eyes with *English* loss.

E 3

111. Each

211.

Each Element his dread command obeys,
 Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;
 Who as by one he did our Nation raise,
 So now he with another pulls us down.

212.

Yet, *London*, Empress of the Northern Clime,
 By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;
 * Great as the worlds, which at the death of time
 Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire.

(2) Quum mare quum tellus correptaue Regia Cœli, ar-
 deat, &c. *Ovid.*

213.

As when some dire Usurper Heav'n provides,
 To scourge his Country with a lawless sway:
 His birth, perhaps, some petty Village hides,
 And sets his Cradle out of Fortune's way:

214.

Till fully ripe his swelling fate breaks out,
 And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on:
 His Prince surpriz'd at first, no ill could doubt,
 And wants the pow'r to meet it when 'tis

[known.

215. Such

215.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to Palaces and Temples spread.

216.

The diligence of Trades and noiseful gain,
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid:
All was the nights, and in her silent reign,
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

217.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose:
And first, few scatt'ring sparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruine rose.

218.

Then, in some close-pent room it crept along,
And, smouldring as it went, in silence fed:
Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

E 4

219. Now,

Now, like some rich or mighty Murderer,
 Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold:
 Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,
 And dares the world to tax him with the old.

So scapes th'insulting fire his narrow Jail,
 And makes small out-lets into open air:
 There the fierce winds his tender force assail,
 And beat him down-ward to his first repair.

• The winds, like crafty Courtezans, with-held
 His flames from burning, but to blow them
 And, every fresh attempt, he is repell'd [more :
 With faint denials, weaker then before.

(a) *Like crafty, &c.* Hæc arte tractabat cupidum virum, ut
 illius animum inopia accenderet.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
 He leaps up at it with inrag'd desire:
 O'r-looks the neighbours with a wide survey,
 And nods at every house his threatning fire.

The Ghosts of Traitors, from the *Bridge* descend,
 With bold Fanatick Spectres to rejoyce:
 About the fire into a Dance they bend,
 And sing their Sabbath Notes with feeble voice.

Our Guardian Angel saw them where he sat
 Above the Palace of our slumbring King,
 He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,
 And, drooping, oft look back upon the wing.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze,
 Call'd up some waking Lover to the sight:
 And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
 Whose heavy eye-lids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursu'd by fate,
 Half cloth'd, half naked, hastily retire:
 And frighted Mother strike their breasts, too late,
 For helpless Infants left amidst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near :
 Now murmuring noises rise in every street :
 The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
 And, in the dark, men jostle as they meet.

So weary Bees in little Cells repose :
 But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd Hive,
 An humming through their waxen City grows,
 And out upon each others wings they drive.

Now streets grow throng'd and busie as by day :
 Some run for Buckets to the hallow'd Quire :
 Some cut the Pipes, and some the Engines play,
 And some more bold mount Ladders to the fire.

In vain : for, from the East, a *Belgian* wind,
 His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent :
 The flames impell'd, soon left their foes behind,
 And forward, with a wanton fury went.

231.

A Key of fire ran all along the shore,
 And lighen'd all the River with the blaze:
 The weaken'd Tydes began again to roar,
 And wond'ring Fish in shining waters gaze.

(b) *Sigæa igni freta lata relucens. Virg.*

232.

Old Father *Thames* rais'd up his reverend head,
 But fear'd the fate of *Simæis* would return:
 Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgey bed,
 And shrunk his waters back into his Urn.

233.

The fire, mean time, walks in a broader gross,
 To either hand his wings he opens wide:
 He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross,
 And plays his longing flames on th'other side.

234.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take:
 Now with long necks from side to side they feed:
 At length, grown strong, their Mother fire forsake,
 And a new Collony of flames succeed.

235. To

235.

To every nobler portion of the Town,
 The curling billows roul their restless Tyde :
 In parties now they straggle up and down,
 As Armies, unoppos'd, for prey divide.

236.

One mighty Squadron, with a side wind sped,
 Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does
 By pow'rful charms of gold and silver led, [haste:
 The *Lombard* Banquers and the *Change* to waste.

237. .

Another backward to the *Tow'r* would go,
 And slowly eats his way against the wind :
 But the main body of the marching foe
 Against th' Imperial Palace is design'd.

238.

Now day appears, and with the day the King,
 Whose early care had robb'd him of his rest :
 Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,
 And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

239. Near

(61)

239.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke,
With gloomy pillars, cover all the place:
Whose little intervals of night are broke
By sparks that drive against his Sacred Face.

240.

More then his Guards his sorrows made him [known,
And pious tears which down his cheeks did [show'r:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own:
(So much the Pity of a King has pow'r.)

241.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so well,
And what so well had merited his love.
For never Prince in grace did more excel,
Or Royal City more in duty strove.

242.

Nor with an idle care did he behold: [dress.
(Subjects may grieve, but Monarchs must re
He chears the fearful, and commends the bold,
And makes despairers hope for good success.

243. Himself

243.

Himself directs what first is to be done,
 And orders all the succours which they bring.
 The helpful and the good about him run,
 And form an Army worthy such a King.

244.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,
 That where it seizes, all relief is vain:
 And therefore must unwillingly lay waste [tain.
 That Country which would, else, the foe main-

245.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
 Th' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap;
 And from the precipices brink retire,
 Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

246.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,
 But straight, like *Turks*, forc'd on to win or die,
 They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
 And o'r the breach in unctuous vapours lie.

247. Part

247.

Part stays for passage till a gust of wind
 Ships o'r their forces in a shining sheet ;
 Part, creeping under ground, their journey blind,
 And, climbing from below, their fellows meer.

248.

Thus, to some desert plain, or old wood side,
 Dire night-hags come from far to dance their
 And o'r brode Rivers on their fiends they ride,
 Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

249.

No help avails : for, *Hydra*-like, the fire,
 Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way.
 And scarce the wealthy can one halt retire,
 Before he rushes in to share the prey.

250.

The rich grow suppliant, & the poor grow proud :
 Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more.
 So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
 When others ruine may increase their store.

251. As

251.

As those who live by shores with joy behold
 Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh;
 And, from the Rocks, leap down for ship-wrack'd
 [Gold;
 And seek the Tempest which the others flee.

252.

So these but wait the Owners last despair,
 And what's permitted to the flames invade:
 Even from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,
 And, on their backs, the spoils of *Vulcan* lade.

253.

The days were all in this lost labour spent;
 And when the weary King gave place to night,
 His Beams he to his Royal Brother lent,
 And so shone still in his reflective light.

254.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
 A dismal picture of the gen'ral doom:
 Where Souls distracted when the Trumpet blows,
 And half unready with their bodies come.

255. Those

(65)

255.

Those who have homes, when home they do re-
To a last lodging call their wand'ring friends.
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own destruction tends.

256.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require :
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

257.

Some stir up coals and watch the Vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of ruine run :
And, while through burning Lab'riths they retire,
With loathing eyes repeat what they would
[shun.

258.

The most, in fields, like herded beasts lie down ;
To dews obnoxious on the grassie floor
And while their Babes in sleep their Parents
Sad Parents watch the remnants of their store

F

259. While

(66)

259.

While by the motion of the flames they ghes
What streets are burning now, & what are near :
An Infant, waking, to the paps would press,
And meets instead of milk, a falling tear.

260.

[care,
No thought can ease them but their Sovereign's
Whose praise th'afflicted as their comfort sing :
Ev'n those whom want might drive to just despair,
Think life a blessing under such a King.

261.

Mean time he sadly suffers in their grief,
Out-weeps an Hermite, and out-prays a Saint :
All the long night he studies their relief,
How they may be suppli'd, and he may want.

262.

O God, said he, thou Patron of my days,
Guide of my youth in exile and distress ! [ways
Who me unfriended, broughtst by wondrous
The Kingdom of my Fathers to possess.

King's Prayer.

263. Be

(67)

263.

Be thou my Judge, with what unwearied care
I since have labour'd for my Peopl's good :
To bind the bruises of a Civil War,
And stop the issues of their wasting blood.

264.

Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the ill,
And recompence, as friends the good, misl'd ;
If mercy be a Precept of thy will,
Return that mercy on thy Servant's head :

265.

Or, if my heedless Youth has stept astray,
Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand :
On me alone thy just displeasure lay, [Land.
But take thy judgments from this mourning

266.

We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,
As humble Earth from whence at first we came :
Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
And shrink like Parchment in consuming flame.

P 2

267. O

(68)

267.

O let it be enough what thou hast done, [street,
When spotted deaths ran arm'd through every
With poison'd darts, which not the good could
The speedy could out-fly, or valiant meet. [shun.

268.

The living few, and frequent funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place :
And now those few who are return'd agen [trace.
Thy searching judgements to their dwellings

269.

O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
Or bind thy sentence unconditional :
But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
And, in that foresight, this thy doom recall.

270.

Thy threatnings, Lord, as thine, thou maist revoke :
But if, immutable and fix'd they stand,
Continue still thy self to give the stroke,
And let not foreign foes oppress thy Land.

271. Th'

(69)

271.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the Heav'nly Quire,
Chose out the Cherub with the flaming sword :
And bad him swiftly drive th' approaching fire
From where our Naval Magazines were stor'd.

272.

The blessed Minister his wings displai'd;
And like a shooting Star he cleft the night :
He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd,
He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

273.

The fugitive flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey
On pious Structures, by our Fathers rear'd :
By which to Heav'n they did affect the way,
Ere Faith in Church-men without Works was
[heard.

274.

The wanting Orphans saw, with watry eyes,
Their Founders charity in dust laid low :
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries,
(For he protects the poor who made them so.)

F 3

275. Nor

(70)

275.

Nor could thy Fabrick, *Paul's*, defend thee long,
Though thou wert Sacred to thy Makers praise:
Though made immortal by a Poet's Song;
And Poets Songs the *Theban* walls could raise.

276.

The daring flames peep't in and saw from far,
The awful beauties of the Sacred Quire:
But, since it was prophan'd by Civil War,
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

277.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,
And, widely opening, did on both sides prey.
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
If onely ruine must enlarge our way.

278.

And now four days the Sun had seen our woes,
Four nights the Moon beheld th' incessant fire:
It seem'd as if the Stars more sickly rose.
And farther from the feav'rish North retire,

279. In

279.

In th' Empyrean Heaven, (the bless'd abode)
 The Thrones and the Dominions prostrate lie,
 Not daring to behold their angry God :
 And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

280.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
 And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast :
 He saw the Town's one half in rubbish lie,
 And eager flames give on to storm the rest.

281.

An hollow chrystal Pyramid he takes,
 In firmamental waters dipt above ;
 Of it a brode Extinguisher he makes,
 And hoods the flames that to their quarry grove.

282.

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every place,
 Or full with feeding, sink into a sleep :
 Each household Genius shows again his face,
 And, from the hearths, the little Lares creep.

283.

Our King this more than natural change beholds ;
 With sober joy his heart and eyes abound :
 To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
 And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

284.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the [earth,
 A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain :
 And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
 And straight the green fields laugh with pro-
 [mis'd grain.

285.

By such degrees, the spreading gladness grew
 In every heart, which fear had froze before :
 The standing streets with so much joy they view,
 That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

286.

The Father of the people open'd wide
 His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed :
 Thus God's Anointed God's own place suppli'd,
 And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

287. This

287.

This Royal bounty brought its own reward,
 And, in their minds so deep did print the sense :
 That if their ruines sadly they regard, [thence,
 'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him

289.

But so may he live long, that Town to sway,
 Which by his Auspice they will nobler make,
 As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,
 And not their humble ruines now forsake.

Cities request to the King not to leave them.

290.

They have not lost their Loyalty by fire ;
 Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
 That from his Wars they poorly would retire,
 Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

291.

Not with more constancy the *Jews* of old,
 By *Cyrus* from rewarded Exile sent :
 Their Royal City did in dust behold,
 Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

292. The

The utmost malice of their Stars is past, [Town,
 And two dire Comets which have scourg'd the
 In their own Plague and Fire have breath'd their
 Or, dimly, in their sinking sockets frown. [last,

Now frequent Trines the happier lights among,
 And high-rais'd *Jove* from his dark prison freed:
 (Those weights took off that on his Planet hung)
 Will gloriously the new laid work succeed.

Me-thinks already, from this Chymick flame,
 I see a City of more precious mould:
 Rich as the Town which gives the *Indies* name,
 With Silver pav'd, and all divine with Gold.

(c) *Mexico.*

Already, Labouring with a mighty fate,
 She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
 And seems to have renew'd her Charters date,
 Which Heav'n will to the death of time allow.

More great then humane now, and more ^d *August*,
 New deifi'd she from her fires does rise:
 Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
 And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

(d) *Augusta, the old name of London.*

Before, she like some Shepherdess did show,
 Who sat to bathe her by a River's side:
 Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
 Nor taught the beauteous Arts of Modern pride.

Now, like a Maiden-Queen, she will behold,
 From her high Turrets, hourly Sutors come:
 The East with Incense, and the West with Gold,
 Will stand, like Suppliants, to receive her doom.

The silver *Thames*, her own domestick Floud,
 Shall bear her Vessels, like a sweeping Train;
 And often wind (as of his Mistress proud)
 With longing eyes to meet her face again.

300.

The wealthy *Tagus*, and the wealthier *Rhine*,
 The glory of their Towns no more shall boast:
 And *Sein*, That would with *Belgian* Rivers joyn,
 Shall find her lustre stain'd, and traffick lost.

301.

The vent'rous Merchant, who design'd more far,
 And touches on our hospitable shore: [Star,
 Charm'd with the splendour of this Northern
 Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

302.

Our pow'rful Navy shall no longer meet,
 The wealth of *France* or *Holland* to invade:
 The Beauty of this Town, without a Fleet,
 From all the world shall vindicate her Trade.

303.

And, while this fam'd Emporium we prepare,
 The *British* Ocean shall such triumphs boast,
 That those who now disdain our Trade to share,
 Shall rob like Pyrats on our wealthy Coast.

304. Already

(77)

304.

Already we have conquer'd half the War,
And the less dang'rous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

305.

Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go;
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more:
A constant Trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the Spicy shore.

F I N I S.
